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PART 21 — VOLUME 2

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MASTERS IN ART

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED
MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 23

NOVEMBER, 1901

VOLUME 2

Thomas Gainsborough

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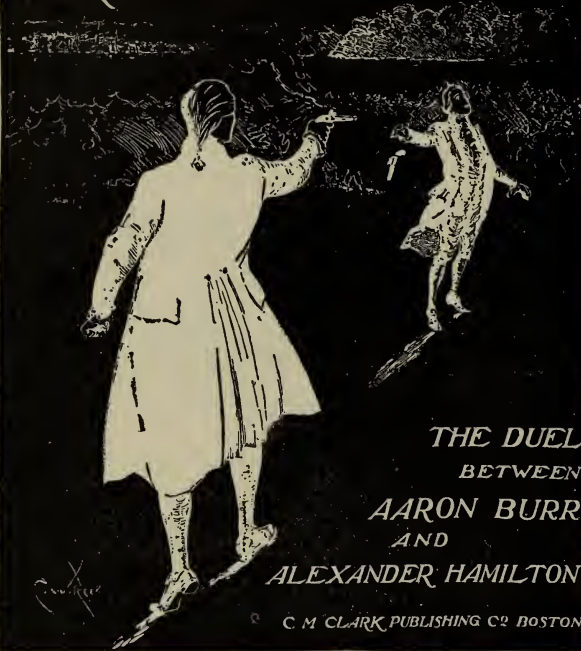
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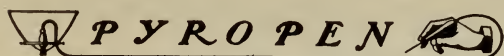
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MASTERS IN ART

Gainsborough

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANSTÄENGL

GAINSBOROUGH
THE WATERING-PLACE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON









PORTRAIT OF GAINSBOROUGH BY HIMSELF ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON

The portrait here reproduced was in Gainsborough's studio at the time of his death, and was presented by his daughter to the Royal Academy. "In person," writes Fulcher, who drew his description from those who had known the painter personally, "he was handsome, fair, tall, and well proportioned. His forehead, though not high, was broad and strongly marked; his mouth and eye denoted humor and refinement. The general expression of his face was thoughtful, yet not altogether pleasant. The most casual observer would have seen that much lay there; one gifted with greater insight would also have said that something was wanting there; few could have affirmed what."

Thomas Gainsborough

BORN 1727: DIED 1788
ENGLISH SCHOOL

LONDON SOCIETY

VOLUME 47 [1885]

THOMAS, third son of John Gainsborough, a respectable trader, was born, some time in 1727, in the town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, amidst some of the loveliest rural scenery of England. The exact date of his birth is not known, but he was baptized in the Independent Meeting-house early in May. The father, a shroud-maker, seems to have been fairly prosperous, for though he had a large family, nine in all, he was able to give them good educations. He appears to have been a fine, generous-hearted, clear-headed man. Respected by his fellow townsmen, his good repute does not seem to have suffered in those days by the fact that he was wont to carry on a contraband trade with Holland, and the circumstance would scarcely be worth naming but for the conjecture that through the father's visits to the Netherlands the son may have learned something of the principles of Dutch art. Certainly his earlier work betrays evidences of some acquaintance with the Dutch masters. . . .

The artist's mother, like the mother of so many great men, was evidently a woman of altogether superior qualities. She was, among other things, an accomplished painter of flowers, and from the first encouraged her little boy in his attempts at drawing. Thomas, like many another great painter, early showed signs of his special gift. At ten years old, we are told, he had made progress in sketching, and at twelve was a confirmed painter. He himself tells us that there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor even a single tree of any beauty, nor hedgerow, stem or post for miles around, that he had not noted as a lad.

At ten years of age Thomas was sent to the grammar school, of which his uncle was head master. Tom seems to have struck a sort of bargain with his school-fellows by which they undertook to do his lessons while he amused them with his sketches. But the boy's chief delight was to get a holiday and ramble about with his sketch-book. It is recorded that having applied to his father for such a holiday, and having been refused, Master Tom, nothing daunted, wrote on a slip of paper the usual formula, "Give Tom a holiday," so cleverly imitating his father's handwriting that the much-

desired holiday was granted. He set out, and returned with a book full of sketches. Meantime, however, the fraud had been discovered, and his father, on seeing the clever forgery, exclaimed, "Tom will be hung!" But when the boy showed his book and told how he had spent his day, the old man said, "Tom will be a genius!"

At the back of the house in which the artist was born there was a spacious orchard. It was separated only by a fence from the road, and the ripe fruit had for some time been mysteriously disappearing. One morning Gainsborough, having risen early to sketch in the inclosure, noted a man's face peeping over the fence and gazing wistfully at the ripe pears. Immediately the young portrait-painter made a sketch of these features. Then, before the marauder could gather his prey, the boy revealed himself and put him to flight. At breakfast Tom told the story and showed his sketch, from which the man was immediately recognized. He was sent for and taxed with felonious intent, which he stoutly denied, till the boy confronted him with the portrait. This juvenile effort was preserved in the family, and Gainsborough ultimately made a finished painting of the scene under the title of "Tom Pear-tree's Portrait." No wonder his friends thought that something might be made of a lad possessing so true an eye and ready a hand. A family consultation was held, at which it was decided to send Tom to London to study painting; and thus he went thither at the early age of fifteen.

In London Gainsborough lived first with a silversmith who gave him great assistance and introduced him to the engraver Gravelot, one of the best of his time, with whom he learned the art which he occasionally practised in after-life. Gravelot also got the boy admission to the old academy in St. Martin's Lane. This academy Gainsborough left for the studio of Hayman, who, if he enjoyed some reputation as an historical painter, was far more notorious for his convivial habits. Whether his master's paintings or his convivial habits proved too much for the young student we know not, but certain it is that the latter soon set up a studio for himself at Hatton Garden. This was a period in English art which one critic calls "disgraceful," another "contemptible," and a third "degraded." Small wonder that Gainsborough preferred working alone to working with any of the masters of the time! But ere long he returned to the old Suffolk lanes and woods.

The legend has it that while engaged on one of his first landscapes a young woman entered unexpectedly on the scene, and that Gainsborough not only transferred her to his canvas, but enshrined her in his heart. The young woman, whose remarkable beauty has been acknowledged by all who knew her, was Margaret Burr, whose brother was a commercial traveler for old John Gainsborough. The painting of her picture seems to have taken some time; long enough, at all events, for the young couple to fall in love. A few months later they were married—he aged nineteen, she a year younger.

About six months after their union the boy-husband and girl-wife went to live at Ipswich, renting a cottage for the modest sum of six pounds a year. In those days the Ipswichians were an essentially practical people who

knew nothing and cared less for art, and from them Gainsborough received no patronage; but probably this want of success was in fact an advantage to the artist, for the young man could give his whole time to that minute and loving study of nature that was to stand him in such good stead. The fact that two of the water-color sketches of this period are merely studies of sunbeams piercing through clouds shows how patient and earnest was his work.

In 1754 Gainsborough met Philip Thicknesse, a rich, pompous, tedious, conceited fellow of the Dogberry type, who at once took Gainsborough in hand and proved a useful patron, though he must ever have been an intolerable bore. He was really useful in getting the young painter commissions, and it was at his suggestion that, after fifteen years of pure happiness and quiet content at Ipswich, Gainsborough moved to the then fashionable city of Bath. Here he had to take a more expensive house, much to the alarm of his prudent wife, who asked him if he were going to throw himself into jail. She need not have been alarmed. From the first orders came in so fast that Gainsborough was obliged to raise his charges from five to eight guineas a head in order to keep his patrons within manageable numbers; and finally he raised them to forty pounds for a "kit-cat," and one hundred pounds for a full-length. Indeed, he so prospered that, punning upon his name, his house was called "Gain's Borough." At Bath Gainsborough of course became acquainted with all the brightest spirits of the time, the bucks and fashionable beauties of the period, and their lineaments gaze down upon us from his canvases. . . .

While he was prospering at Bath, public interest in matters artistic showed signs of awakening in London. The Royal Academy of Arts had been founded, and Gainsborough had at once been elected an original member; but he was never active as an associate, often quarreled with that body, and finally withdrew from exhibitions because his celebrated picture of 'The Princesses' was not hung on the line.

A quarrel with Thicknesse led Gainsborough to leave Bath for London in 1774, where he set up for a second time—now no longer as a young fellow waiting in vain for work, but as one of the most successful painters of his day. On hearing of his advent, George III. summoned him to the palace, and gave him orders. As soon as this became known all the court and all the fashionable world rushed to follow the royal example. Commissions for portraits flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and industry, Gainsborough was unable to satisfy the impatience of his sitters. He was now at the zenith of his fame.

Yet, while Gainsborough continued to be known solely as a portrait-painter, he did not neglect his paintings of nature, though not a dozen of his landscapes were exhibited at the Academy, and we learn from a contemporary that these pictures stood ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting-room. Yet those who came to Schomberg House to sit for their portraits rarely deigned even to honor them with a look as they passed by. It was impossible for the artist not to feel a little aggrieved on the subject—especially as he was convinced that his strength and power lay in his landscapes.

Next to his love of nature, Gainsborough's greatest passion was for music, a devotion concerning which many quaint stories are extant, for he was beset by the childish illusion that if he could only possess himself of the actual instrument on which a certain performer played he would be able to execute in the same manner. It is remarkable in his pictures that, while as a rule not addicted to microscopic fidelity, he painted musical instruments with special care, so that of his portrait of the musician Fischer a critic remarked, "The violin is so well painted that a connoisseur in the instrument could at once name the builder."

Early in the year 1787 Gainsborough began to show signs of failing health. One day when dining with Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan his friends noticed that he who was generally so merry sat silent, and before dinner was half over he left the table, beckoning Sheridan to follow him. "I shall die soon," he said to the dramatist when they were outside the room; "I know it, I feel it. I have less time to live than my looks infer, but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this,—I have many acquaintances, but few friends, and as I wish to have one worthy man accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you. Will you come? Yes, or no?" Sheridan gave him the desired promise, and they both returned to the dinner-table, Gainsborough apparently in his usual spirits. His gloomy presentiment proved, however, not ill-founded.

The following year, like all the world, he joined the huge crowd that flocked to the trial of Warren Hastings. There, sitting with his back to an open window, he suddenly felt an icy-cold touch on the back of his neck. On his return he complained of the pain, and his wife looked at the place and saw a small white mark. This soon grew worse, and was declared to be a cancer. "If this be a cancer I am a dead man," said Gainsborough calmly, and set about arranging his affairs. He rapidly grew worse. Shortly before the end he remembered Sir Joshua Reynolds, his rival painter, to whom his feelings had not always been of the friendliest. He therefore wrote to Sir Joshua, desiring to see him once more before he died. "If any little jealousies had subsisted between us," writes Reynolds, "they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity." Very solemn was the death-bed scene, in which the two great painters buried their petty, worldly rivalries. Gainsborough could speak but little, and what he said was understood with difficulty by Reynolds, the deaf. The dying man said that he feared not death, but his regret at losing life was principally his regret at leaving his art, more especially as he now began to see where his deficiencies lay. Delirium set in and clouded his understanding. His last coherent words are memorably pathetic, as well as especially characteristic, for they point to the ideal the English painter had set for himself: "We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

Two days after the interview with Reynolds he was dead. By his own wish he was privately buried in the Kew churchyard, and Sir Joshua was among the pall-bearers.

The Art of Gainsborough

WALTER ARMSTRONG

'GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART'¹

GAINSBOROUGH was the artistic temperament made visible and stripped of irrelevance. It would not be rash to call him the first and the best of the impressionists. In every task he set himself, or at least in every task he carried through, his aim was entirely pictorial. He felt no temptation to be literary, to be anecdotic, to be didactic, to be anything but artistic within the limits of his own emotions and the materials he was using. His pictures are examples of pure reaction between subject and object. He was the first of the impressionists; but between his impressionism and that of the last forty years there is one remarkable difference. The modern impressionist professes to be true to his impressions; his declared idea is to reproduce the broad effect of any scene upon his senses; but, nevertheless, his observation is supplemented by analysis, and his pictures are the result of a long process of justification, as it were, applied to the image first received. Such a proceeding was quite foreign to the genius of Gainsborough. With him the impression was everything. Once received, it had to be justified, not by the truth which underlay it, but by the splendor to which it led.

Gainsborough's finest things are all impromptus. We might almost say that when he deliberated he was lost. A sympathetic personality had the power to set his brain burning with creation at a touch. In the 'Mrs. Siddons,' the 'Mrs. Graham,' 'The Morning Walk,' we cannot discover the faintest sign of that mental preparation which is so evident in Sir Joshua. The pictures, as we see them, record the images which sprang into the painter's brain as his sitters approached. Beauty and æsthetic unity grew under his hand with an unequalled rapidity. The idea of conscious and deliberate control never obtrudes itself. His art is to that of other painters what conversation is to literature. It is vital, spontaneous, and, within the pattern, unexpected. He paints as a first-rate talker talks. His head is full of his conception, and his fingers do the rest. His brush-strokes are scarcely due to separate acts of volition. The happy color, never muddy or fatigued, trips from his brush; one felicitous line succeeds another; delicious textures weave themselves into the inevitable pattern, and the picture emerges with delight from the matrix of his exulting brain.

All this, however, is true only when the problem to be solved is simple. In such complex matter as groups of many figures Gainsborough was never successful in hitting upon a quite satisfactory conception. The 'Baillie Family' in the National Gallery is a collection of beautiful passages; it is not a picture. In a less degree we may say the same of such a comparatively simple thing as the 'Eliza and Tom Linley.' In these separate ideas were suggested by the different figures, and the painter was deficient in the faculty

¹ In the following criticism a few paragraphs have been interpolated from the same author's article on Gainsborough in 'The Portfolio,' 1894.

required for seducing them into a real intimacy. Before Eliza Linley he could only paint what her personality inspired, and so when it became Tom's turn to sit he had to smuggle him into the composition as best he could. The only striking exceptions to this are afforded by those few cases in which his portraits become so far subject-pictures as to suggest an independent title, like 'The Morning Walk.' Here, for once in a way, a detached idea embracing two persons slipped in before the simpler conception and got itself expressed. It was not often, however, that Gainsborough composed a group as happily as this. . . .

In more than one of his letters he alludes to his own incapacity to think out things or to reason in any consecutive fashion. Familiarity with his work convinces us that if he had been compelled, by some external force, to think steadily for half an hour he would have found it a physical torture. When the right stimulus was offered, in the shape of a beautiful woman or a lovely scene in nature, a consummate piece of art was the certain reaction; but I doubt whether, in the whole course of his life, he ever built up excellence on a germ, or felt the slightest temptation to realize on canvas any scene he had read of in a book. His greatness depends on the quickness with which he perceives beauty and answers to its summons, and on that faculty for artistic synthesis which enables, or rather compels, him to see and select only those notes which make a pictorial chord.

Beauty was the foundation of Gainsborough's art in that it was his sole and only stimulus; but the merit of his pictures as we see them does not lie in the beauty they reproduce, but in the beauty they create, in the extraordinary felicity of his means and in the remarkable æsthetic unity of his results. Technically, Gainsborough was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of *painters*. He was not a good draughtsman. Indeed, when we consider how carefully he worked in his youth and how thoroughly he then drew, he must have had a special inaptitude for seeing and remembering the linear proportions of things to be able to draw as badly as he often did in his maturity. As a painter, as a transmuter of a paletteful of colored earths into light and air, into glowing human flesh and waving trees, he has no superior, and perhaps no equal. Such fault-finding as we have for him is always for his intentions, never for his realization. When he failed it was not because the material had for once beaten him, but because his ambition slumbered in the absence of its favorite stimulant.

It may seem audacious to put the technique of Gainsborough, as a painter, above that of any one else when we remember that Rubens, Frans Hals, and Velasquez are in the field; but, as a literal matter of fact, Gainsborough did what not one of those three ever succeeded in doing—because, you may say, they did not try—Gainsborough could take an eight-foot canvas, and, with a thousand unerring strokes of his brush, could build up a mosaic of brilliant, pellucid notes of gemlike color, each one as clear as an amethyst and as light as a snowflake, and yet the result would be as solid, rich, and profound as any Velasquez. In his finest things it is impossible to point to a faltering passage. From top to bottom, from right to left, the canvas glows

with internal light. The opacity which betrays, I do not say the fumbler, but the man whose mastery falters now and then, never chills us for an instant. Everything is cool, clear, and transparent, like the air of a hilltop in June. Velasquez rendered, Gainsborough expressed. In this comparison I do not mean to suggest that one was right and the other wrong, but merely that they had different aims, and that, as Gainsborough's solicitude was above all for his paint and the feelings it was capable of suggesting and satisfying, he shows, as a painter, qualities we do not find so fully developed in any one else.

Gainsborough's conceptions are so essentially simple that attempts at any detailed analysis seem out of place. He saw beauty in external nature, and combined it with the beauty latent in paint. In doing so he followed a few obvious principles, of which he may or may not have been conscious. His men and women are always so posed as to bring out the easy flexibility of the human figure. His heads are set at gentle angles to the vertical axis of the body, his limbs are at easy rest or in quiet movement, his hands and arms are well placed and eloquent in gesture, while the draperies which float about them suggest the last movement they have made. Before a sitter who excites his interest Gainsborough's imagination never flags. Nothing is perfunctory, although much may be slight. There is always, for instance, a subtle harmony between the pattern made by his figures and that of those landscape backgrounds against which nearly all his finest portraits are set. The heavy leafage, without contour and with only a questionable transparency, which occurs in so many portraits by Romney and Hoppner, and in not a few by Sir Joshua, never confines one's fancy in a Gainsborough. With him the luminous air plays round the figure and among the trees, and we feel that the fair Mrs. Robinson could rise and walk away into the woods, unembarrassed by any fear of walking through the canvas.

Gainsborough's embrace was large. He did not forget one part of his task for another. He carried on all the elements of his conception side by side. He did not see in color, like Reynolds, or in light and shade, like Rembrandt, or in line, like Ingres; he saw in a combination of the three, and as he drove them like a skilful teamster he kept his eye on beauty as the goal. You cannot divide a Gainsborough into its component elements, as you can the works of most other great painters. It is easy to think of a Rembrandt as a creation in chiaroscuro, of an Ingres as a pattern in line, of a Sir Joshua as a symphony in color, of a Hals as a feat in brushing; but in a Gainsborough all these elements are so intimately blended, they were so closely interwoven in his mind as he rapidly gave substance to his conception, that one cannot be dissected from the other. We have to accept them as a whole, and to admit that in his ability to fuse the three elements of pictorial art into unity, or, rather, in his gift for seeing them as one, he has had few equals and no superior.

In writing like this, however, I must guard myself against misconception. I do not wish the reader to suppose that I aim at setting our English master on a pedestal higher than others. My comparisons have been strictly limited.

Putting it as shortly as I can, Rembrandt conceived on a higher plane than Gainsborough, Velasquez painted objects better than Gainsborough, but Gainsborough painted in the abstract better than either. That sounds like nonsense, but I think it is sound sense. Paint can be used in many ways. It can be used to express ideas—Rembrandt's way; it can be used to render objects—the way of Velasquez; it can be used to delight us with its own constitution and to play upon our emotions like the notes of a violin—that was the way of Gainsborough. . . .

In all I have said I have made no distinction between Gainsborough's portraits and his landscapes. It seems to me that no real distinction can be made. Many writers and not a few painters have contrasted the two branches of his art as if they issued from two different men. The finest of Gainsborough's portraits are finer than the finest of his landscapes for exactly the same reason that a park with a beautiful woman in it is more desirable than the same park with nothing in it at all. A picture like 'The Morning Walk' is a fine landscape, plus some delightful figures. Some artists who have painted both landscapes and moving tales have followed principles in the one case which they have neglected in the other. Gainsborough did nothing of the kind. His art was a simple and sensuous thing, and whether he painted a portrait, or a scene from nature, or a combination of both, he depended for his effects on the same way of seeing and the same way of reproducing what he saw. . . .

I feel impelled to sketch the development of Gainsborough here, as lightly as I can, in order to bring out the pattern it made on the art of the eighteenth century. Gainsborough began young, and in his youth he devoted all his energies to that exploratory art which is the only sure road to success. In all probability he saw few pictures except those of his own immediate companions. His art at this time was all experimental. It changed from day to day, and it was not until he had been at work for some ten years that he finally settled down to a method of his own and to single-minded work from nature. By the time he was thirty all this toil had made him master of his tools, and had left him waiting only for a lead. The move to Bath took place; the art of Van Dyck, and as I believe, of Rubens, opened his eyes to what paint could do, and he blossomed at once. His conceptions grew bolder, his hand freer, his color more luminous and infinitely richer. . . .

Gainsborough, too, seems to have been awakened at Bath by Van Dyck to fresh possibilities in the art he practised. Sincerity had been his governing virtue in Suffolk. The people he had painted there were homely, healthy, bucolic, and so he had shown them. But when, after ten years of happy drudgery, he moved away to new scenes, and there fell into the society of the ladies and cavaliers of Van Dyck, new horizons opened before him. He now perceived, for the first time, what selection could do, and how a greater race of men and women than he had dreamed of lay among the tints on his palette. And as Gainsborough was a rarer genius than Van Dyck, as his art was more personal, more exquisite, more alive with temperament than the Fleming's, so, although in one or two of Van Dyck's Genoese pic-

tures the dignity given by birth and habits of command is suggested more surely perhaps than by any other painter, neither Van Dyck nor any one else has equalled Gainsborough in the lightness and apparent rapidity with which his hand settles exactly on those things which make up the indescribable quality we call *distinction*. The grace of his women seems a part of themselves; even when the fashion of their dress is extravagant, it is brought, by a mysterious insight of the artist's, within their own personalities. . . .

The change in Gainsborough was so rapid that, in settling the chronology of his works, it is difficult to believe that so short an interval elapsed between the comparatively stiff and cold half-lengths of his Ipswich time and, for instance, the 'General Honynood' of 1764. After that his strides were longer than ever. In 1768 he painted the Linley group, and in 1770 'The Blue Boy,' and then, according to my chronology, most of the fat, low-toned landscapes, which have usually been assigned to the latest period of all. A typical example of this time is the 'Watering-place' of the National Gallery.

Last of all, Gainsborough, like every other magician of the brush, arrived at the time when painting seemed to be done with his will rather than with his hand. His canvases are all light, and air, and limpid color. Heaviness disappears, and there is not a square inch which does not glow like a sapphire and warm us like the sun at noon. To this period belong all his very greatest achievements. The 'Eliza Linley and her Brother,' 'The Blue Boy,' the 'Mrs. Graham,' superb as they are, cannot boast the unity, the absolute realization of an æsthetic thought, which we see in 'The Morning Walk.' . . .

As for Gainsborough's place in the general hierarchy of art, it depends entirely on his positive qualities. It is easy to see his defects. It is easy to point out that his ambition was narrow, that his culture was small, that his faculty for taking thought was a negative quantity, and that in certain matters of equipment he has been surpassed by many unimportant people. But his art was all art. It was the pure, spontaneous expression of a personality into which no anti-artistic leaven had been mixed. . . . His finest things embody an exquisite thought with a perfection denied to Reynolds, denied to Romney, denied even to those great men of the seventeenth century with whom he may be most fitly measured. His glory lies between himself and his country. His inspiration came from the beauty by which he was surrounded, and his success from an artistic gift of remarkable vigor and of a purity which has been seldom equalled and never surpassed.

IN portraits, as in landscapes, Gainsborough's power is best shown in subjects in themselves picturesque and attractive. To make of an entrancing loveliness or of a noble pathos that which is lovely or pathetic to begin with—that is Gainsborough's strength. He is not—like the greatest of his brethren, Rembrandt and Velasquez—the uncompromising painter of the terrible reality; and when the French call him, with their mild praise, "*un*

peintre aimable, un peintre agréable," that is what they mean. He was born to paint men and women of a noble presence, but living for the most part in the undisturbed ease of a somnolent time. At the keener court of Henry VIII., or in the palace of Lorenzo de' Medici, or where Velasquez painted the saddened dwarf and the boy king, each in his strange dignity, or where Rembrandt traced the lines of thought and care on the brows of the burghers of Amsterdam, Gainsborough would have been less great. But he came at the right moment, and painted George, Prince of Wales, fat and comely, and glorious in decorated coat manfully padded; and the Duchess of Cumberland, magnificent in attitude of stately abandonment; and the Queen, of affability greater than history has recorded; and the three Princesses, fresh and flower-like; and Signora Baccelli, the dancer, with her wan, thin face and wreathed smile and waving draperies; and Mrs. Siddons, radiant; and Lady Spencer, gracefully grave, with broad touches of a solemn woodland landscape at her back; and the benignant Orpin, the old clerk, with his homely sweetness. Such is his compass; such, within limit, his variety.

Nor as a landscapist is he more easily exhaustible. It is a pastoral poet's landscape, with ever new combinations of sturdy tree-trunk and waving bough and rising field-land—landscape never reaching to terrible energy; avoiding passion, and not failing in it. The Classicists of his own time, and earlier, had composed an artificial nature; had gone abroad, to give us classical Italy or Italianized England. The first English landscapists had been masters of topography; had laboriously traced—and without emotion—the colder aspects of London and the country. But Gainsborough gave us first the selected moment and selected place of beauty and charm of English life and landscape. He idealized a little, but it was a mild idealizing. He put before us Nature, not in her first aspect; yet his work has no sense of forcing. He gently persuaded her, till she came his way.

J. E. HODGSON AND F. A. EATON

ART JOURNAL: 1889

THERE could have been but little real sympathy between Reynolds and Gainsborough. To Reynolds, Gainsborough must have appeared a somewhat questionable and enigmatical person—not a little contemptible, even. Reynolds's own life had been regulated on incontrovertible principles; he had walked circumspectly, guided by prudence and sagacity; diligence, economy, punctuality, order, method, and duty were his watchwords. Though too busy a man for much reading, he loved knowledge and lost no opportunity of acquiring it; he chose the best and wisest men as his friends and associates; he never began anything without reflection, and what he began he carried out; and finally, with each succeeding year, his contact with the great world added polish to his manners and his mind. It must have been difficult for him to even understand such a character as that of Gainsborough, who did not walk circumspectly; with whom, as far as we may judge by the evidence before us, prudence, sagacity as applied to worldly matters, economy, punctuality, order, and method were not; who

had no sense of duty; who never once attended a meeting of the Royal Academy, though frequently elected into the council; who did not care for any knowledge except that which appertained to his art; who chose for friends and associates only those who amused him; who constantly began pictures and never finished them; who was guided by impulse and not reflection; who was highly incautious, blurted out the most unpalatable things in conversation and writing; made the most absurd bargains, and offered impossible sums when the whim was on him. His was not a serious character; he was a bright, amiable, whimsical, and lovable man, who revelled in the joys of genius, of exquisite sensibilities and exuberant spirits—the grasshopper of the fable. He worked hard but not laboriously; what he did he did without effort, in a fit of enthusiasm; his art was music to him; it delighted his senses and his imagination, and he stopped short when it became toilsome. The German epithet "*genialisch*" exactly applies to everything he said and did, and would be quite misapplied to the acts and sayings of Reynolds. We may plausibly surmise that no permanent friendship was possible between them, that they irritated each other, and that neither could do the other full justice. . . .

To define the difference between them is by no means easy. Art is subtle; its distinctions often baffle the coarse materialism of words and phrases. To describe their separate methods of working appears the most convenient way. Let us imagine Reynolds to have made an appointment with a sitter, a young lady of a classic cast of countenance, and to have made due note of the date and the hour in one of those shabby little notebooks which are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy. In the interim he carefully cogitates his picture. He has long wished to paint a portrait with a mass of amber color as his principal light, opposed to red in shadow, with a green-blue as a foil. The amber dress and the flesh shall make the principal light; two other minor lights must be introduced; the dark hair will serve for the extreme point of shade. Those two minor lights must be seen to. If nothing strikes him he turns over a portfolio of engravings, and finally gets an idea. When the appointed hour arrives, and with it the sitter, he is ready; his picture is schemed out; it exists in his head, and he begins with certainty and fearlessness.

Gainsborough, on the other hand, makes an appointment of which he thinks no more, trusting to be duly reminded of it by his faithful Margaret; he plays on the fiddle with Abel or listens to his son-in-law Fischer's hautboy, and when the hour arrives he sits down before his easel with a mind as blank as the canvas before him. His sitter is a young lady; he eyes her intently, he chats with her, he draws her out, he gets excited, strange flashes of drollery and absurdity escape him; she turns in her chair, her face lights up, and inspiration comes to him. "Stay as you are!" he exclaims. He sees a picture; he seizes his palette and begins. He painted what he could discover in nature; Reynolds used nature to help him to paint what he had already discovered; his work presents what the French have called "*le voulu*"; that of the other, "*l'imprévu*." . . .

It is related that on one occasion after a dinner Reynolds rose and proposed the health of "Mr. Gainsborough, the greatest living landscape-painter." It happened, if it ever did happen, in the days before Turner; we can now no longer think of Gainsborough as the greatest of landscape-painters; we are compelled to pull down his claims out of the superlative into the comparative degree, and must make allowance for the fact that since his day landscape-painting has taken an entirely new departure. The landscape-painter of the present day, the camper-out in the fields, the earnest follower of nature, would be inclined to describe the landscapes of the last century as representing an impossible universe, where the sky was not the vast laboratory in which were distilled the dews and vapors which hourly fertilize the earth, but a field of meaningless blue in which were suspended what look more like feather-beds than any known form of water; where the earth was without stratification or intelligible structure, and composed entirely of baked clay and putty; where the trees had gutta-percha stems, with no past history discernible in their forms, no joy or vigor in their growth; where the grass was a meaningless wash of translucent green which appeared to afford subsistence to bituminous cows and an insecure resting-place to questionable milkmaids. The universe as depicted by Gainsborough is open to satirical criticism of that kind; nothing is seriously or carefully studied, but, as in his figure-pictures, he goes to the heart of the matter, the soul which underlies the outward features, and represents that.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE

CENTURY MAGAZINE: 1897

GAINSBOROUGH'S pictures make up practically his only autobiography, and all of them are temperamental rather than philosophical; reflective of moods or states of feeling rather than intellectual expositions of abstract fact. An individuality full of delicate feeling, sensitive to things graceful and charming, and tinged by a strain of romantic melancholy shows in the majority of his canvases. On the surface his art is frequently vivacious, sprightly, dashing; but underneath flows almost always a current of sadness inherent in the man. How many handsome women he painted, with heads tossed coquettishly on one side, with lively pose of figure, and soubrette turn of hand and foot! They all smile, but there is something behind the smile that seems to mock at gaiety. As might be surmised from this disposition, Gainsborough worked better with women and children for sitters than with men. Some trace of effeminacy lingers in almost all of his men, and one wonders if he ever painted a man's portrait that possessed the force of Reynolds's 'Lord Heathfield.' After all, Sir Joshua had an intellectual stamina which he instilled into his characters, whereas Gainsborough had merely a winning personality. But this very shortcoming in his men's portraits proved an excellence in his portraits of women. The 'Mrs. Siddons' is very like 'The Parish Clerk' in conception and treatment; but in the 'Mrs. Siddons' the delicacy and softness are the very essence of the tragic queen when off the stage and once more a woman. . . .

Possessed as Gainsborough was of the true artistic temperament, he was not a thoroughly trained craftsman any more than his contemporaries. It is often apparent that he did not know how an object should be presented by line, and that he sought, by diverting the attention to color and texture, to give the appearance of reality in another way. He did this effectively, for he was more of a painter than a draughtsman, and if he did not paint in patches, like Manet, he at least tried to reproduce the exact values of the tones. The tone as a substitute for line was a makeshift, but it had its advantages, not unforeseen by the painter, of giving elasticity and mobility to the figure; and it is not a matter of regret that he failed to inclose his figures in a rim or an outline.

His handling is one of his oddities, and is certainly original enough, since no other master ever handled in just the same way. Rubens wrote with the brush as easily and as smoothly as a writing-master with the pen; Rembrandt modeled in paint, oftentimes producing surfaces in relief; Reynolds kneaded and thumbed; but Gainsborough streaked, scratched, and rubbed, working with a long-handled brush, and striving to gain an under-surface effect. Close to view, such scratching and hatching as one sees in the hair of the 'Mrs. Siddons' seems quite unnecessary; but at the proper distance this work reveals the lightness and fluffiness of the hair most strikingly. A similar effect was frequently sought for in his flesh-tones. He did not like the hard, shining surface, though he sometimes painted it; and in his faces he was usually striving for the depth and transparent quality of the flesh rather than for its external appearance. His touch was usually smooth and swift enough, but thin, and not always certain. Where Reynolds hesitated Gainsborough was perhaps too hasty, painting with more decision than precision; all of which would tell us, even if we did not know it from contemporary testimony, that he was an impatient, impulsive man, working by fits and starts with much energy, and putting more of the artist's mood into his work than the brushman's skill.

Perhaps Gainsborough's greatest charm as a painter was his color, and here he followed no master but himself. In fact, so independent was he that he was disposed to place himself in opposition to Reynolds in the matter of pleasing color arrangements; and instead of using the warm academic hues he preferred the cool tints,—blues, cream-whites, dull reds, and pinks, saffron-yellows, and silver-grays. Pale, cool notes he could arrange in most charming combinations. Here he relied almost entirely upon his sensitive eye, and the result was a harmony quite his own. Van Dyck and Reynolds may have taught him something about aristocracy of pose and bearing, but they taught him nothing about color. It was Gainsborough's most original quality, and was most appropriate, in fact quite complementary, to that shade of melancholy which dominated his finest work. His soft tones seem to harmonize with the pathos of sad faces, where lively or severe coloring would have been out of place and disturbing.

Again we come back to a primary statement that Gainsborough was a temperament instead of a rule, a person of feeling rather than an erudite

craftsman. In art, temperament is perhaps above character, as more spontaneous; but temperament in the ascendancy usually means limitation, and Gainsborough was not a versatile man. True, he did many subjects—and so did Corot, the Frenchman; but the peculiar sentiment of the painter is apparent in almost every one of them. Reynolds, who was somewhat different from Gainsborough in this respect, seemed to appreciate in his contemporary what he himself could lay less claim to; and it was perhaps not presidential condescension or funereal eulogy that led him to say of the dead painter: "If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

The Works of Gainsborough.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MRS. ROBINSON ('PERDITA')

WALLACE COLLECTION: LONDON

GAINSBOROUGH'S picture in the Wallace Collection of the famous actress Mrs. Robinson, whose beauty charmed the heart of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was painted in the year 1782. There are, in the same collection, two other portraits of this lady,—known to all the world as 'Perdita,'—one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the other by Romney.

"The Gainsborough, with its beautiful feathery touch and harmony of effect, is more fascinating than either of the others," writes Spielmann, "yet they, more closely agreeing in respect of feature, were doubtless the better likenesses. But though you may forget the others, you can never lose the memory of the haunting, thoughtful face that appears on Gainsborough's canvas. The refinement of this accomplished, unstable lady is brilliantly suggested in a picture which must be reckoned among Gainsborough's masterpieces."

ORPIN, THE PARISH CLERK

NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IN 1772 Gainsborough wrote from Bath to his friend Garrick, the actor: "I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design of 'Shakespeare'; and hang me if I think I shall let it go, or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had an idea of showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for that purpose; but confound it, I can make nothing of my ideas!"

The Shakespeare portrait never came to anything; but it seems probable that in the likeness of Edward Orpin, the parish clerk of Bradford-on-Avon, Gainsborough utilized the conception he had been unable to carry out with-

out the help of a sitter. The picture is one of his most careful works,—a little overcareful, perhaps,—but he seems not to have set an especial value upon it, for it was probably one of those which he gave to John Wiltshire, the public carrier whom he employed to convey pictures between Bath and London. Wiltshire had refused to accept payment for his services. “No, no,” he said, “I love art too much. When you think I have carried the value of a little painting, I beg you will let me have one, sir, and I shall be more than paid;” and Gainsborough gave him several.

MRS. SIDDONS

NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IN 1784, the same year that she posed for Reynolds as ‘The Tragic Muse,’ and when, at twenty-nine, she was in the prime of her beauty as a woman and at the zenith of her fame as an actress, Mrs. Siddons sat to Gainsborough for this portrait. As a record of beauty and as a work of art the picture is ranked by many critics as Gainsborough’s masterpiece, so distinguished is its design, so firm the drawing, and so exquisite the color, despite the fact that the red curtain in the background is not absolutely in tune with the blues and buffs of the costume.

The actress wears a black hat with feathers, and a striped dress, which, when the folds throw the rich blue and buff silk into a mass, shows like seawater in the sun; and Armstrong considers that the ‘Mrs. Siddons,’ in which every law laid down by Reynolds is carefully broken, rather than ‘The Blue Boy,’ was Gainsborough’s authentic repartee to Sir Joshua’s celebrated dictum respecting the use of blue.

THE MORNING WALK

LORD ROTHSCHILD’S COLLECTION: TRING PARK

“STANDING opposite this portrait of Squire Hallett and his wife,” writes Théophile Gautier, “we have a strange retrospective sensation, so intense is the illusion it produces of the spirit of a bygone century. We really fancy that we can see the young couple walking arm-in-arm along a garden avenue.” The romantically lovely lady is attired in a gray muslin dress with greenish-yellow ribbons. A ‘Pamela’ hat rests on her splendid auburn hair, which, after the fashion of the day, is swelled into an enormous chignon. Her husband wears a dark coat of French cut, knee-breeches, and white stockings. A white Pomeranian dog, tired of their tête-à-tête, trots beside the couple as if to beg his usual share of caresses.

Sir Walter Armstrong, the most authoritative of recent writers on Gainsborough, pronounces this portrait to be the finest picture “for pure artistry” painted in the eighteenth century, adding: “If I followed my own conviction I should say since the death of Rubens and Velasquez.” After pointing out that in conception the picture was evidently an echo of Rubens’s celebrated group-picture of himself, his wife, and their child (now in Baron Alphonse de Rothschild’s collection, Paris), he goes on to note the surpassing excellence of its background, the freedom and sweep of its execution, and, finally, that the conception is of unusual unity for Gainsborough. “The tradition

is," he writes, "that Mr. and Mrs. Hallett sat to the painter immediately after their marriage, and that his intention was to suggest their first promenade as husband and wife. He succeeded admirably. Their aspect toward each other and the aspect of the dog toward both are eloquent of novel relations."

THE BLUE BOY

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION: LONDON

JONATHAN BUTTALL, the original of the celebrated 'Blue Boy,' was the son of a wealthy ironmonger of London. In Gainsborough's picture the boy is represented clad in a blue satin coat and knee-breeches and standing bare-headed in the open air. His plumed beaver hat is held in his right hand, and behind him is a richly colored background of dark landscape and stormy sky.

It has been said that this picture was painted in refutation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's statement, made in his eighth Discourse, that "the masses of light in a picture ought to be always of a warm, mellow color, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white; and the blue, the gray or the green colors should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colors; and for this purpose, a small proportion of cold colors will be sufficient. Let this conduct be reversed, let the light be cold, and the surrounding colors warm, and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid and harmonious." But if, as Sir Walter Armstrong and other critics now believe, 'The Blue Boy' was painted as early as 1770—eight years before Reynolds's discourse was delivered—it can no longer be looked upon as an answer to Sir Joshua's dictum.

"'The Blue Boy,'" writes Conway, "is of all Gainsborough's pictures that in which genius, labor, and developed skill meet in most balanced harmony. It is a fine conception, cleverly, skilfully, and carefully worked out. The face is full of life and sweet attractiveness, and is, at the same time, thoroughly modeled. The chord of color is rich and mellow. Every detail of the work, from end to end of the canvas, is marshalled like the units in a well-ordered host, and directed towards the end in view."

Three versions of this picture are in existence,—the one in the Duke of Westminster's collection, another belonging to Mr. George Hearn, of New York, and a third owned by the Count de Castellane. The painting belonging to the Duke of Westminster is held by the most competent critics to be the original 'Blue Boy.' Whether the other versions are replicas by Gainsborough or copies of the original remains an open question.

MRS. JORDAN

EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION: LONDON

IN this charming portrait Gainsborough has depicted Mrs. Jordan, the actress who in her day took London by storm and captivated the fancy of His Royal Highness, William, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. "Not many a daughter of Thespis was so popular as the beautiful and

sprightly Mrs. Jordan," writes Lionel Cust. "She won all hearts. In her figure Comedy seemed to be personified. When we gaze upon the entrancing portrait which Romney painted of her as 'Peggy' in 'The Country Girl' we can picture to ourselves an actress who ran upon the stage as a playground, and laughed from sincere wildness of delight. In this part she fascinated Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it can well be believed that it was with equal pleasure that Gainsborough made her immortal in his lovely portrait."

THE WATERING-PLACE

NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

BETWEEN 1768 and 1775, the last years of his stay at Bath, Gainsborough painted some of his finest landscapes. "In these maturer landscapes," writes Sidney Colvin, "he composes and selects freely, according to a convention full of power and poetry, but now without any idea of the Dutchmen, such as he had started with, and equally without any idea of Italy and the Romans, such as had governed the contemporary convention of Wilson. Nor, indeed, is the reference of his landscape to the glowing champaigns and blue and golden panoramas of Rubens, commonly as it is made, one that is very pertinent. Gainsborough's ideal is one of woods, pools, and glades; the great trees of a wood wield and fling their volumes of rounded and sweeping leafage athwart the space from either side, parting in the midst, and down the opening between them you see a rich country and a far-off hill beneath a sunset which will be caught in the broken ripples and reflections of a near pool where cattle drink, while peasants rest in the foreground shade. This, the scheme of the famous 'Watering-place,' is the scheme also, with one or another variation, of a large number of Gainsborough's more important landscapes."

THE HONORABLE MRS. GRAHAM NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: EDINBURGH

THE Honorable Mrs. Graham is shown leaning against the pedestal of a column, holding a feather in her right hand. Her overdress is of yellowish gray, and, contrary to Gainsborough's usual custom, the central note of color in the picture is the warm crimson of the skirt.

"Not proud nor haughty, like a Van Dyck duchess, yet what a refined, delicate creature she is, with that girlish throat and those small, taper hands and feet," writes Mr. John C. Van Dyke. "Vivacious and spirited in pose, she is nevertheless constrained to quietude, dignified, and even saddened by that Gainsborough strain of melancholy. The deep glen at the left and the loneliness of the background add to the romance of the face, until one might fancy her, for all her jauntiness of air, the subject of some tragedy. No wonder that when she died, in the fresh bloom of her youth, her husband could not bear to look at the wistful, tender face, and walled up the picture in his house, where it was forgotten, and hung in darkness for fifty years, until a new proprietor, making alterations, brought it once more to light."

QUEEN CHARLOTTE

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: LONDON

OF the many commissions which Gainsborough received from Buckingham Palace, his portraits of Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., were among his greatest triumphs. In writing of the one now in the South Kensington Museum, Sir Walter Armstrong says, "It is a masterpiece of color and of that great quality of distinction, which is perhaps the intellectual note of the English school in particular."

ELIZA LINLEY AND HER BROTHER

LORD SACKVILLE'S COLLECTION: KNOLE

THIS picture of the beautiful and accomplished Eliza Linley and her brother, Tom, was painted in 1768, five years before her marriage to Sheridan the dramatist. From the various likenesses which Gainsborough made of this lady it would seem that he, as one of his critics has expressed it, "found in her soft loveliness a type no less sympathetic than objectively perfect." In speaking of the portrait at Knole, Sir Walter Armstrong says, "Here Gainsborough has seen and immortalized a great deal more than a pretty woman. He has seen a child with a beautiful soul into whose countenance experience of a peculiar world has already brought a touch of doubt and pathos." And again: "If I had to select a single picture to represent Gainsborough, I think I should choose the small canvas on which the painter has united the portraits of Eliza Linley and her no less handsome brother."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF GAINSBOROUGH, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG'S list of Gainsborough's works in his monograph "Gainsborough and his Place in English Art" includes six hundred and sixty-two portraits, one hundred and seventy-five landscapes, and fifty subject-pictures and copies. While this list is not free from omissions, nor can be, in the nature of the case, free from errors in regard to the locations given, it is the best existing catalogue of Gainsborough's works. The following list only includes such pictures as are in public galleries and thus accessible to the public, with the addition of the names of some forty odd of the most celebrated of Gainsborough's works in private collections.

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Thomas Linley—ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Hon. Fitzwilliam; William Pitt—DULWICH GALLERY: Samuel Linley; Thomas Linley; The Misses Linley, afterwards Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Sheridan; Philip James Louthembourg; Mrs. Moody and her Children—LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: George III.; Queen Charlotte; Duke of Cumberland; Duchess of Cumberland; Prince Octavius; The Eldest Princesses—LONDON, COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS: Richard Warren, M.D.—LONDON, HAMPTON COURT: J. C. Fischer; Colonel St. Ledger; Bishop of Worcester (*bis*); Jewish Rabbi—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Market Cart; Woody Landscape; The Watering-place (Plate VII); The Watering-place; Mrs. Siddons (Plate III); Orpin, the Parish Clerk (Plate II); 'Musidora'; Rustic Children; The Baillie Family; Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley; Cornard Wood or 'Gainsborough's Forest'; View of Dedham; Study for a Portrait; Miss Gainsborough;

Two Dogs; Portrait of a Young Man; Two Landscapes; Ralph Schomberg, M.D.; The Misses Gainsborough; The Watering-place (sketch); An Old Horse; Rustics with Donkey—LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Duke of Bedford; Earl Amherst; George Colman; Marquis of Cornwallis; Thomas Gainsborough (?); Admiral Vernon; John Henderson; Stringer Lawrence—LONDON, ROYAL ACADEMY: Portrait of Gainsborough (Page 20); Prince Hoare—LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Queen Charlotte (Plate ix); The Eldest Princesses; The Misses Gainsborough—LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita') (Plate 1); Miss Haverfield—OXFORD, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE: David Garrick—STRATFORD-ON-AVON, TOWN HALL: David Garrick—WINDSOR CASTLE: Queen Charlotte; George III. (*bis*); Prince Alfred; Princess Augusta Sophia; Princess Charlotte Augusta Matilda; Duke of Clarence; Duke of Cumberland; Duchess of Cumberland; Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland; Duke and Duchess of Cumberland with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell; Prince Edward, Duke of Kent; Princess Elizabeth; Princess Mary; Prince Octavius (*bis*); Princess Sophia; Princess Royal with Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth; Duke of Sussex; Duke of Cambridge; George, Prince of Wales; Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita'); Diana and Actæon—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Landscape—IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Landscape; Duke of Northumberland—SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Hon. Mrs. Graham (Plate viii); Mrs. Isabella Kinloch (loaned)—UNITED STATES. CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Landscape with Figures—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Landscape; Mr. Burroughs; Child with a Cat; Landscape.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION: The Cottage Door; The Blue Boy (Plate v)—EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION: Duchess of Devonshire; Countess of Spencer; Hon. Georgiana Spencer as a Child—DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH'S COLLECTION: Duchess of Montagu—BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Master Nicolls ('The Pink Boy'); Miss Linley; Mrs. Robinson ('Perdita'); Colonel St. Ledger; Lady Sheffield; The Prince of Wales—LORD ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: The Morning Walk (Plate iv); Earl of Romney and his Sisters; Mrs. Sheridan—COLLECTION OF ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.: Mrs. Beaufoy; Mrs. Norton; Mrs. Villebois—SIR CHARLES TENANT'S COLLECTION: Lady Clarges; Mrs. Hippisley; The Ladies Erne and Dillon—LORD SACKVILLE'S COLLECTION: Eliza Linley and her Brother (Plate x)—LORD BATEMAN'S COLLECTION: Going to Market—EARL OF CARNARVON'S COLLECTION: Wood-gatherers—COLLECTION OF W. E. ALEXANDER, ESQ.: Mushroom-gatherer—COLLECTION OF G. L. BASSETT, ESQ.: The Cottage Girl—COLLECTION OF LIONEL PHILIPS, ESQ.: Return from Harvest (other versions are owned by Lord Tweedmouth and S. G. Holland, Esq.)—COLLECTION OF REV. E. R. GARDINER: Margaret Gainsborough; Gainsborough and his Wife—COLLECTION OF T. HUMPHREY WARD, ESQ.: Lavinia; Gainsborough Dupont—LORD MASHAM'S COLLECTION: Signora Baccelli—EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION: Girl and Pigs—EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Jordan (Plate vi)—LORD VEAGH'S COLLECTION: Boys and Fighting Dogs—DUKE OF PORTLAND'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott—SIR ALGERNON NEELD'S COLLECTION: The Mall in St. James's Park—EARL FORTESCUE'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Fitzherbert—COLLECTION OF W. H. CUMMINGS, ESQ.: Karl Friedrich Abel—COLLECTION OF J. S. MUSKETT, ESQ.: View in Epping Forest—FRANCE. COUNT DE CASTELLANE'S COLLECTION: A Page ('The Blue Boy')—UNITED STATES. COLLECTION OF GEORGE HEARN, ESQ.: Jonathan Buttall ('The Blue Boy')—COLLECTION OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ.: Duchess of Devonshire ('The Lost Duchess').

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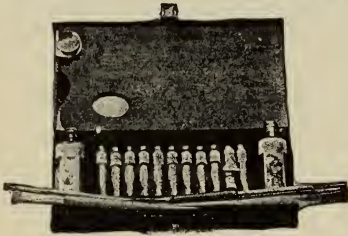
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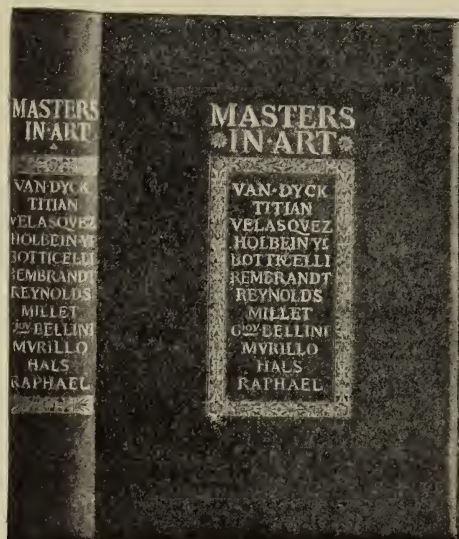
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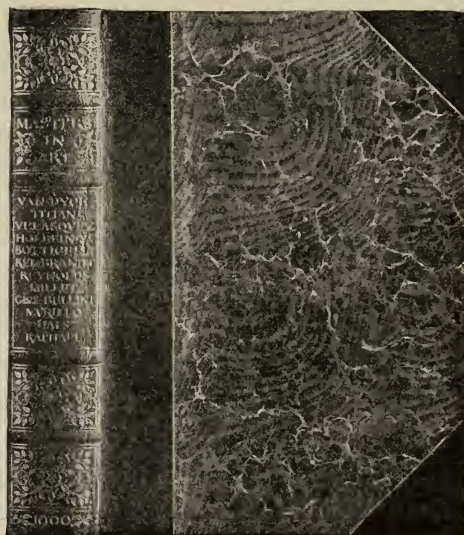
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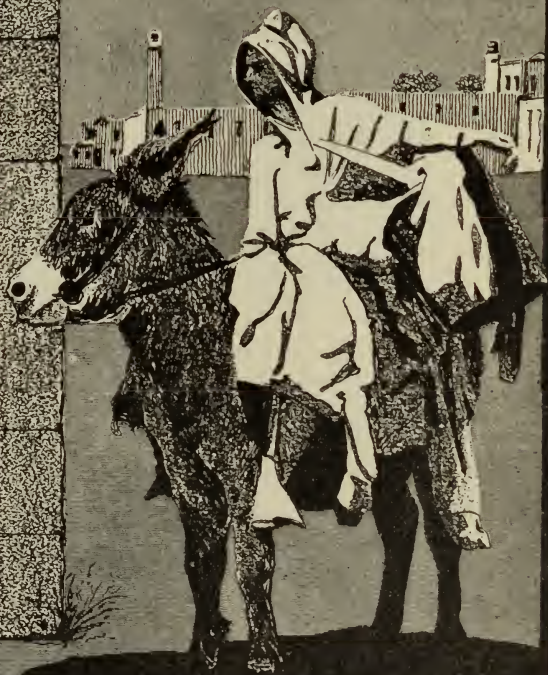
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